

GOSPEL HYMNS
— AND —
SACRED SONGS.
(WORDS ONLY.)

— BY —
P. P. BLISS & IRA D. SANKEY,

AS USED BY THEM IN
GOSPEL MEETINGS.

EACH HYMN IN THIS BOOK IS IDENTICAL WITH THE SAME
NUMBER IN THE TUNE BOOK ENTITLED
"GOSPEL HYMNS AND SACRED SONGS."

PUBLISHED BY

Biglow & Main,	John Church & Co.
76 East Ninth Street, New York.	68 West Fourth St., Cincinnati.
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PREFACE.

THIS Collection of GOSPEL HYMNS AND SACRED SONGS, has been compiled with great care, and is believed to contain the most useful and popular pieces to be found in the whole library of Christian Song.

A large number of the Hymns were used in the late Special Services in Great Britain, and it is hoped that a like blessing will accompany the use of them in this land, together with the new hymns found in this collection.

J. F. Bliss
H. S. Larkins

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BIGLOW & MAIN,
JOHN CHURCH & CO.

GOSPEL HYMNS

AND

SACRED SONGS.

No. 1. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 3.*

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

2. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 4.*

'TIS the promise of God, full salvation to give
Unto him who on Jesus his Son, will believe.

Hallelujah, 'tis done ! I believe on the Son ;
I am saved by the blood of the crucified One.

- 2 Though the pathway be lonely, and dangerous too,
Surely Jesus is able to carry me through.
- 3 Many loved ones have I in yon heavenly throng,
They are safe now in glory, and this is their song :
- 4 Little children I see standing close by their King,
And He smiles as their song of salvation they sing :
- 5 There are prophets and kings in that throng I be-
hold,
And they sing as they march through the streets of
pure gold :
- 6 There's a part in that chorus for you and for me,
And the theme of our praises forever will be—

3. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 5.*

I NEED Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord ;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.

REF.—I need Thee, oh ! I need Thee,
Every hour I need Thee :
O bless me now, my Saviour !
I come to Thee.

2 I need Thee every hour ,
Stay Thou near by ;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain ;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

4 I need Thee every hour :
Teach me Thy will ;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.

5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One ;
Oh, make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son.

4. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 6.*

SAFE in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark ! 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.

CHO.—Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears ;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears !

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge
Jesus has died for me ;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
'Wait till the night is o'er ;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

5. Tune—*G. H. & S. Songs, page 7.*

IN some way or other the Lord will provide :
 It may not be *my* way,
 It may not be *thy* way ;
 And yet, in His *own* way,
 “The Lord will provide.”

CHO.—Then, we'll trust in the Lord,
 And He will provide ;
 Yes, we'll trust in the Lord,
 And He will provide.

2 At some time or other the Lord will provide :
 It may not be *my* time,
 It may not be *thy* time ;
 And yet, in His *own* time,
 “The Lord will provide.”

3 Despond then no longer : the Lord will provide ;
 And this be the token—
 No word He hath spoken
 Was ever yet broken :
 “The Lord will provide.”

4 March on then right boldly ; the sea shall divide ;
 The pathway made glorious,
 With shoutings victorious,
 We'll join in the chorus,
 “The Lord will provide.”

6. Tune—*G. H. & S. Songs, page 8.*

THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
 In the shelter of the fold,
 But one was out on the hills away,
 Far off from the gates of gold—
 Away on the mountains wild and bare,
 Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

2 “Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine :
 Are they not enough for Thee ?”
 But the Shepherd made answer : “ 'Tis of mine

Has wandered away from me:
And although the road be rough and steep
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

- 3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed; [through
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.
- 4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."
- 5 But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

7. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 9.*

WE shall meet beyond the river,
By and by, by and by;
And the darkness shall be over,
By and by, by and by;
With the toilsome journey done,
And the glorious battle won,
We shall shine forth as the sun,
By and by, by and by.

- 2 We shall strike the harps of glory,
By and by, by and by;
We shall sing redemption's story,
By and by, by and by;

And the strains for evermore
 Shall resound in sweetness o'er
 Yonder everlasting shore,
 By and by, by and by.

3 We shall see and be like Jesus,
 By and by, by and by ;
 Who a crown of life will give us
 By and by, by and by ;
 And the angels who fulfil
 All the mandates of His will
 Shall attend, and love us still,
 By and by, by and by.

4 There our tears shall all cease flowing,
 By and by, by and by ;
 And with sweetest rapture knowing,
 By and by, by and by ;
 All the blest ones, who have gone
 To the land of life and song,—
 We with shoutings shall rejoin,
 By and by, by and by.

8. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 10.*

WHAT means this eager, anxious throng,
 Which moves with busy haste along—
 These wondrous gatherings day by day ?
 What means this strange commotion, pray ?
 ||: In accents hush'd the throng reply :
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :||

2 Who is this Jesus ? Why should He
 The city move so mightily ?
 A passing stranger, has He skill
 To move the multitude at will ?
 ||: Again the stirring notes reply :
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :||

3 Jesus ! 'tis He who once below
 Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe ;
 And burdened ones, where'er He came,

Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame.

1: The blind rejoiced to hear the cry :

"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :|

4 Again He comes! From place to place
His holy footprints we can trace.

He pauseth at our threshold—nay,

He enters—condescends to stay.

1: Shall we not gladly raise the cry—

"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!" :|

5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come :

Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home.

Ye wanderers from a Father's face,

Return, accept His proffered grace.

1: Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh :

"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :|

6 But if you still this call refuse,

And all His wondrous love abuse,

Soon will He sadly from you turn,

Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.

1: "Too late! too late!" will be the cry—

"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by.*" :|

9.

Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 11.

THIS loving Saviour

Stands patiently ;

Though oft rejected,

Calls again for thee.

CHO.—Calling now for thee, prodigal,

Calling now for thee ;

Thou hast wandered far away,

But He's calling now for thee.

2 Oh, boundless mercy,

Free, free to all !

Stay, child of error,

Heed the tender call.

3 Though all unworthy,

Come, now, come home—

Say, while he's waiting,

"Jesus, dear, I come."

10. *Tune -G. H. & S. Songs, page 12.*

“WHOSOEVER heareth,” shout, shout the sound!

Send the blessed tidings all the world around;
Spread the joyful news wherever man is found:
“Whosoever will, may come.”

CHO.—“Whosoever will, whosoever will,”
Send the proclamation over vale and hill;
’Tis a loving Father calls the wand’rer home:
“Whosoever will, may come.”

2 Whosoever cometh, need not delay,
Now the door is open, enter while you may;
Jesus is the true, the only Living Way:
“Whosoever will, may come.”

3 “Whosoever will,” the promise secure;
“Whosoever will,” for ever must endure;
“Whosoever will,” ’tis life for evermore:
“Whosoever will, may come.”

11. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 13.*

I HAVE a Saviour, He’s pleading in glory,
A dear, loving Saviour though earth-friends be few;

And now He is watching in tenderness o’er me,
And oh that my Saviour, were your Saviour too!

CHO.—For you I am praying,
For you I am praying,
For you I am praying,
I’m praying for you.

1 I have a Father: to me He has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true;
And soon will He call me to meet Him in heaven,
But oh that He’d let me bring you with me too!

3 I have a robe: ’tis resplendent in whiteness,
Awaiting in glory my wondering view;
Oh, when I receive it all shining in brightness,
Dear friend, could I see you receiving one too!

- 4 I have a peace : it is calm as a river—
 A peace that the friends of this world never knew;
 My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,
 And oh, could I know it was given to you !
- 5 When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,
 That my loving Saviour is your Saviour too ;
 Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to
 glory,
 And prayer will be answered—'twas answered
 for you !

12. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 14.*

WAND'RING afar from the dwellings of men,
 Hear the sad cry of the lepers—the ten ;
 “Jesus, have mercy !” brings healing divine ;
 One came to worship, but where are the nine ?

CHO.—Where are the nine ?
 Where are the nine ?
 Were there not ten cleansed ?
 Where are the nine ?

- 2 Loudly the stranger sang praise to the Lord,
 Knowing the cure had been wrought by His word,
 Gratefully owning the Healer Divine ;
 Jesus says tenderly, “Where are the nine ?”
- 3 “Who is this Nazarene ?” Pharisees say ;
 “Is He the Christ ? tell us plainly, we pray.”
 Multitudes follow Him seeking a sign,
 Show them His mighty works—Where are the nine ?
- 4 Jesus on trial to-day we can see,
 Thousands deridingly ask, “Who is He ?”
 How they're rejecting Him, your Lord and mine !
 Bring in the witnesses—Where are the nine ?

13. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 15.*

I KNOW not the hour when my Lord will come
 To take me away to His own dear home ;
 But I know that His presence will lighten the gloom,
 And that will be glory for me.

CHO.—And that will be glory for me,
Oh, that will be glory for me,
But I know that His presence will lighten the gloom,
And that will be glory for me.

2 I know not the song that the angels sing,
I know not the sound of the harps' glad ring;
But I know there'll be mention of Jesus our King,
And that will be music for me.

CHO.—And that will be music for me,
Oh, that will be music for me,
But I know there'll be mention of Jesus our King,
And that will be music for me.

3 I know not the form of my mansion fair,
I know not the name that I then shall bear;
But I know that my Saviour will welcome me there,
And that will be heaven for me.

CHO.—And that will be heaven for me
Oh, that will be heaven for me,
But I know that my Saviour will welcome me there,
And that will be heaven for me.

14. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 16.*

HO! my comrades, see the signal
Waving in the sky!
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh!

CHO.—“Hold the fort, for I am coming,”
Jesus signals still,
Wave the answer back to Heaven,—
“By Thy grace we will.”

2 See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on,
Mighty men around us falling,
Courage almost gone.

3 See the glorious banner waving,
Hear the bugle blow.
In our Leader's name we'll triumph
Over every foe.

- 4 Fierce and long the battle rages,
But our Help is near;
Onward comes our Great Commander,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!

15. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 17.*

THERE is a gate that stands ajar,
And through its portals gleaming,
A radiance from the cross afar,
The Saviour's love revealing.

REF.—Oh, depth of mercy! can it be
That gate was left ajar for me?
For me, for me?
Was left ajar for me?

- 2 That gate ajar stands free for all
Who seek through it salvation;
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Of every tribe and nation.
- 3 Press onward, then, though foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open;
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.
- 4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love Him more in heaven.

16. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 18.*

FREE from the law, oh, happy condition,
Jesus hath bled, and *there* is remission,
Curs'd by the law and bruised by the fall,
Grace hath redeemed us once for all.

CHO.—Once for all, oh, sinner receive it,
Once for all, oh, brother, believe it;
Cling to the Cross, the burden will fall
Christ hath redeemed us once for all.

- 2 Now are we free—there's no condemnation,
Jesus provides a perfect salvation;
"Come unto *Me*," oh, hear His sweet call,
Come, and he saves us once for all.
- 3 "Children of God," oh, glorious cailing,
Surely His grace will keep us from falling:
Passing from death to life at His call,
Blessed salvation once for all.

17. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 19.*

KNOCKING, knocking, who is there?
Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair!
'Tis a Pilgrim, strange and kingly,
Never such was seen before.

Ah! my soul, for such a wonder,
Wilt thou not undo the door.

- 2 Knocking, knocking, still He's there,
Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair;
But the door is hard to open,
For the weeds and ivy-vine,
With their dark and clinging tendrils,
Ever round the hinges twine.

- 3 Knocking, knocking—what, still there?
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair;
Yes, the piercèd hand still knocketh,
And beneath the crownèd hair
Beam the patient eyes, so tender,
Of thy Saviour, waiting there.

18. *G. H. & S. Songs, page 20.*

RESCUE the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one,
Lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.

CHO.—Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful,
Jesus will save.

2 Though they are slighting Him,
 Still He is waiting,
 Waiting the penitent child to receive.
 Plead with them earnestly,
 Plead with them gently ;
 He will forgive if they only believe.

3 Down in the human heart,
 Crushed by the tempter,
 Feelings lie buried that grace can restore ;
 Touched by a loving heart,
 Wakened by kindness,
 Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

4 Rescue the perishing,
 Duty demands it ;
 Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide ;
 Back to the narrow way
 Patiently win them
 Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

19. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 21.*

RING the bells of heaven ! there is joy to-day,
 For a soul returning from the wild ;
 See ! the Father meets him out upon the way,
 Welcoming His weary, wand'ring child.

CHO. Glory ! glory ! how the angels sing ;
 Glory ! glory ! how the loud harps ring ;
 'Tis the ransomed army, like a mighty sea,
 Pealing forth the anthem of the free.

4 Ring the bells of heaven ! there is joy to-day,
 For the wanderer now is reconciled ;
 Yes a soul is rescued from his sinful way,
 And is born anew a ransomed child.

3 Ring the bells of heaven ! spread the feast to-day,
 Angels swell the glad triumphant strain !
 Tell the joyful tidings ! bear it far away !
 For a precious soul is born again.

20. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 22.*

I WILL sing you a song of that beautiful land,
 The far away home of the soul,
 Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
 While the years of eternity roll,
 While the years of eternity roll;
 Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
 While the years of eternity roll.

2 Oh! that home of the soul in my visions and
 dreams,

Its bright, jasper walls I can see;
 Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
 ||: Between the fair city and me. :||

..... Till I fancy, etc.

3 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
 Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
 The King of all kingdoms forever is He,
 ||: And He holdeth our crowns in His hands. :||
 The King of, etc.

4 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
 So free from all sorrow and pain;
 With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands
 ∴ To meet one another again. :
 With songs on, etc.

21. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 23.*

I GAVE My life for thee,
 My precious blood I shed,
 That thou might'st ransomed be,
 And quickened from the dead;
 I gave, I gave My life for thee,
 What hast thou given for Me?

2 My Father's house of light,—
 My glory-circled throne,
 I left, for earthly night,
 For wand'rings sad and lone;
 I left, I left it all for thee;
 Hast thou left aught for Me?

- 3 I suffered much for thee,
 More than thy tongue can tell,
 Of bitterest agony,
 To rescue thee from hell;
 I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
 What hast thou borne for Me?
- 4 And I have brought to thee,
 Down from My home above,
 Salvation full and free,
 My pardon and My love;
 I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee.
 What hast thou brought to me?

22.

Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 24.

WE'RE going home,
 No more to roam,
 No more to sin and sorrow;
 No more to wear
 The brow of care —
 We're going home to-morrow.

CHO.—We're going home, (we're going home) we're
 going home to-morrow,
 We're going home, (we're going home,) we're
 going home to-morrow.

- 2 For weary feet
 Awaits a street
 Of wondrous pave and golden;
 For hearts that ache,
 The angels wake
 The story sweet and olden.
- 3 For those who sleep,
 And those who weep,
 Above the portals narrow
 The mansions rise .
 Beyond the skies —
 We're going home to-morrow.
- 4 Oh, joyful song!
 Oh, ransomed throng!
 Where sin no more shall sever;

Our King to see,
And, oh, to be
With Him at home forever.

23. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 25.*

I AM so glad that our Father in heaven
Tells of His love in the Book He has given
Wonderful things in the Bible I see:
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.

CHO.—I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me,
I am so glad that Jesus loves me;
Jesus loves even me.

- 2 Though I forget Him, and wander away,
Still He doth love me wherever I stray;
Back to His dear loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.
- 3 Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in His beauty I see the great King,
This shall my song in eternity be,
"Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me."
- 4 Jesus loves me, and I know I love him,
Love brought Him down my poor soul to redeem;
Yes, it was love made Him die on the tree,
Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me.
- 5 If one should ask of me, how could I tell?
Glory to Jesus I know very well;
God's Holy Spirit with mine doth agree,
Constantly witnessing—Jesus loves me.
- 6 In this assurance I find sweetest rest,
Trusting in Jesus I know I am blest;
Satan dismayed, from my soul now doth flee,
When I just tell him that Jesus loves me.

24. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 26.*

REJOICE and be glad!
The Redeemer has come!
Go look on His cradle, His cross and His tomb,

CHO.—Sound His praises, tell the Story
Of Him who was slain;
Sound His praises, tell with gladness,
He liveth again.

2 Rejoice and be glad!
It is sunshine at last!
The clouds have departed, the shadows are past.

3 Rejoice and be glad!
For the blood hath been shed;
Redemption is finished, the price hath been paid.

4 Rejoice and be glad!
Now the pardon is free!
The Just for the unjust has died on the tree.

5 Rejoice and be glad!
For the Lamb that was slain
O'er death is triumphant and liveth again.

6 Rejoice and be glad!
For our King is on high,
He pleadeth for us on His throne in the sky.

7 Rejoice and be glad!
For He cometh again;
He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was slain

CHO.—Sound His praises, tell the Story
Of Him who was slain;
Sound His praises, tell with gladness,
He cometh again.

25. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 27.*

WE praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above!

CHO.—Hallelujah! thine the glory, Hallelujah! amen.
Hallelujah! thine the glory revive us again.

2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our
night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and cleansed every
stain.

- 4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided
our ways.
- 5 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

26. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 27.*

SAVIOUR! Thy dying love
Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear Lord from Thee;
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfil its vow,
Some offering bring Thee now,
Something for Thee.

- 2 At the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus to Thee:
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for thee!

- 3 Give me a faithful heart—
Likeness to Thee—
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wand'rer sought and won,
Something for Thee.

- 4 All that I am and have—
Thy gifts so free—
In joy, in grief, through life,
Dear Lord, for Thee!
And when thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for Thee.

27. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 28.*

PASS me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry ;
While on others Thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.

CHO.—Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry,
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief,
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face ;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.

4 Thou the Spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee ?
Whom in heaven but Thee ?

28. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 29.*

ONE more day's work for Jesus ;
One less of life for me !
But heav'n is nearer,
And Christ is dearer,
Than yesterday to me ;
His love and light
Fill all my soul to-night.

CHO.—One more day's work for Jesus,
One more day's work for Jesus,
One more day's work for Jesus,
One less of life for me.

2 One more day's work for Jesus ;
How glorious is my King !
'Tis joy, not duty,

To speak His beauty ;
 My soul mounts on the wing
 At the mere thought
 How Christ my life has bought

3 One more day's work for Jesus ;
 How sweet the work has been,
 To tell the story,
 To show the glory,
 When Christ's flock enter in !
 How it did shine
 In this poor heart of mine !

4 One more day's work for Jesus
 Oh yes, a weary day ;
 But heaven shines clearer,
 And rest comes nearer,
 At each step of the way ;
 And Christ in all—
 Before His face I fall.

5 Oh, blessed work for Jesus !
 Oh, rest at Jesus' feet !
 There toil seems pleasure,
 My wants are treasure,
 And pain for Him is sweet.
 Lord, if I may,
 I'll serve another day.

29. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 30*

WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,
 All our sins and griefs to bear ;
 What a privilege to carry
 Everything to God in prayer.
 Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
 Oh, what needless pain we bear,
 All because we do not carry
 Everything to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations ?
 Is there trouble anywhere ?
 We should never be discouraged,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share ?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care ?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee ?
Take it to the Lord in prayer ;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee
Thou wilt find a solace there.

30. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 31.*

GOD loved the world of sinners lost
And ruined by the fall ;
Salvation full, at highest cost,
He offers free to all.

CHO.—Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love !
The love of God to me ;
It brought my Saviour from above,
To die on Calvary.

- 2 E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,
The risen Son of God ;
Redemption by His death I find,
And cleansing through the blood.

- 3 Love brings the glorious fulness in,
And to His saints makes known
The blessed rest from inbred sin,
Through faith in Christ alone.

- 4 Believing souls, rejoicing go ;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here below,
Of endless life in heaven.

- 5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph in the dying hour
Through Christ the Lord our **King**.

31. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 32.*

HAVE you on the Lord believed ?
 Still there's more to follow ;
 Of His grace have you received ?
 Still there's more to follow ;
 Oh, the grace the Father shows !
 Still there's more to follow,
 Freely He His grace bestows,
 Still there's more to follow

CHO.—More and more, more and more.

Always more to follow ;
 Oh, His matchless, boundless love !
 Still there's more to follow.

2 Have you felt the Saviour near ?
 Still there's more to follow ;
 Does His blessed presence cheer ?
 Still there's more to follow ;
 Oh, the love that Jesus shows !
 Still there's more to follow,
 Freely He His love bestows,
 Still there's more to follow.

3 Have you felt the Spirit's power ?
 Still there's more to follow ;
 Falling like the gentle shower ?
 Still there's more to follow ;
 Oh, the power the Spirit shows,
 Still there's more to follow ;
 Freely He His power bestows,
 Still there's more to follow.

32. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs page 33.*

HEAVENLY Father, bless me now,
 At the cross of Christ I bow ;
 Take my guilt and grief away ;
 Hear and heal me now, I pray.

REF.—Bless me now, bless me now,
 Heavenly Father, bless me now

- 2 Now, O Lord ! this very hour,
Send Thy grace and show Thy power :
While I rest upon Thy word,
Come and bless me now, O Lord.
- 3 Now, just now, for Jesus' sake,
Lift the clouds, the fetters break ;
While I look, and as I cry,
Touch and cleanse me ere I die.
- 4 Never did I so adore
Jesus Christ, Thy Son, before ;
Now the time ! and this the place !
Gracious Father, show Thy grace.

33. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 34.*

WEAARY gleaner, whence comest thou,
With empty hands and clouded brow ?
Plodding along thy lonely way,
Tell me, where hast thou glean'd to-day ?
Late I found a barren field,
The harvest past my search revealed,
Others golden sheaves had gained,
Only stubble for me remained.

CHO.—Forth to the harvest field away !
Gather your handfuls while you may ;
All day long in the field abide,
Gleaning close by the reaper's side.

- 2 Careless gleaner, what hast thou here,
These faded flow'rs and leaflets sere ?
Hungry and thirsty, tell me, pray,
Where, oh, where hast thou glean'd to-day ?
All day long in shady bow'rs,
I've gaily sought earth's fairest flow'rs ;
Now, alas ! too late I see
All I've gather'd is vanity.
- 3 Burden'd gleaner, thy sheaves I see ;
Indeed thou must a weary be !
Singing along the homeward way,
Glad one, where hast thou glean'd to-day ?

Stay me not, till day is done,
 I've gathered handfuls one by one;
 Here and there for me they fall,
 Close by the reapers I've found them all.

84. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 25.*

AH, my heart is heavy laden,
 Weary and oppressed!
 "Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,
 Be at rest!"

CHO.—"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,
 Be at rest!"

- 2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
 If He be my Guide?
 "In His feet and hands are wound prints,
 And His side."
- 3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
 That His brow adorns?
 "Yes, a crown in very surety,
 But of thorns!"
- 4 If I find Him, if I follow,
 What's my portion here?
 "Many a sorrow, many a conflict,
 Many a tear."
- 5 If I still hold closely to Him,
 What have I at last?
 "Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
 Jordan past!"
- 6 If I ask Him to receive me,
 Will He say me nay?
 "Not till earth and not till heaven
 Pass away!"

35.

Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 33.

I HEAR the Saviour say,
Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray
Find in Me thine all in all.

CHO.—Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain:
He washed it white as snow

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

4 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

5 And when before the throne
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.

36.

Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 37.

ONE there is above all others,
Oh, how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
Oh, how He loves!
Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us;
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us,
Oh, how He loves!

- 2 'Tis eternal life to know Him,
 Oh, how He loves !
 Think, oh, think how much we owe Him,
 Oh, how He loves !
 With His precious blood He bought us,
 In the wilderness He sought us,
 To His fold He safely brought us,
 Oh, how He loves !
- 3 Blessed Jesus ! would you know Him,
 Oh, how He loves !
 Give yourselves entirely to Him,
 Oh, how He loves !
 Think no longer of the morrow,
 From the past new courage borrow,
 Jesus carries all your sorrow,
 Oh, how He loves !
- 4 All your sins shall be forgiven,
 Oh, how He loves !
 Backward shall your foes be driven,
 Oh, how He loves !
 Best of blessings He'll provide you,
 Nought but good shall e'er betide you,
 Safe to glory He will guide you,
 Oh, how He loves !

37.

Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 33.

TELL me the Old, Old Story,
 Of unseen things above,
 Of Jesus and His glory,
 Of Jesus and His love ;
 Tell me the Story simply,
 As to a little child,
 For I am weak and weary,
 And helpless and defiled.

CHO.—Tell me the Old, Old Story,
 Tell me the Old, Old Story,
 Tell me the Old, Old Story
 Of Jesus and His love.

- 2 Tell me the Story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin;
Tell me the Story often,
For I forgot so soon,
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.
- 3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save;
Tell me the story always,
If you would really be
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.
- 4 Tell me the same old story
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear;
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story:
"Christ Jesus make thee whole."

28.

Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 32.

COME home! come home!
You are weary at heart,
For the way has been dark,
And so lonely and wild.
O prodigal child!
Come home, oh, come home!

CHO.—Come home!
Come, oh, come home!

- 2 Come home ! come home !
 For we watch and we wait,
 And we stand at the gate,
 While the shadows are piled.
 O prodigal child !
 Come home, oh, come home !
- 3 Come home ! come home !
 From the sorrow and blame,
 From the sin and the shame,
 And the tempter that smiled.
 O prodigal child !
 Come home, oh, come home !
- 4 Come home ! come home !
 There is bread and to spare,
 And a warm welcome there,
 Then, to friends reconciled,
 O prodigal child !
 Come home, oh, come home !

39.

Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 40.

I LOVE to tell the Story
 Of unseen things above,
 Of Jesus and His glory,
 Of Jesus and his love ;
 I love to tell the Story,
 Because I know it's true ;
 It satisfies my longings,
 As nothing else would do.

CHO.—I love to tell the Story !
 'Twill be my theme in glory,
 To tell the Old, Old Story
 Of Jesus and His love.

- 2 I love to tell the Story !
 More wonderful it seems,
 Than all the golden fancies
 Of all our golden dreams ;

I love to tell the Story!
 It did so much for me;
 And that is just the reason,
 I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the Story!
 'Tis pleasant to repeat
 What seems, each time I tell it,
 More wonderfully sweet;
 I love to tell the Story,
 For some have never heard
 The message of salvation
 From God's own Holy Word.

4 I love to tell the Story!
 For those who know it best
 Seem hungering and thirsting
 To hear it, like the rest;
 And when, in scenes of glory,
 I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
 'Twill be—the OLD, OLD STORY
 That I have loved so long.

40.

Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 41.

HOLY Spirit, faithful guide,
 Ever near the Christian's side;
 Gently lead us by the hand,
 Pilgrims in a desert land;
 Weary souls for e'er rejoice,
 While they hear that sweetest voice,
 Whisp'ring softly, wanderer come!
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
 Ever near Thine aid to lend
 Leave us not to doubt and fear,
 Groping on in darkness drear,
 When the storms are raging sore,
 Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,—
 Whispering softly, wanderer come!
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home

- 3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names were there,
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading nought but Jesus' blood;
Whispering softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home!

41. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 42.*

THE whole world was lost in the darkness of
sin;

The Light of the world is Jesus;
Like sunshine at noonday His glory shone in,
The Light of the world is Jesus.

CHO—Come to the Light, 'tis shining for thee;
Sweetly the Light has dawn'd upon me,
Once I was blind, but now I can see:
The Light of the world is Jesus.

2 No darkness have we who in Jesus abide,
The Light of the world is Jesus;
We walk in the Light when we follow our Guide,
The Light of the world is Jesus.

3 Ye dwellers in darkness with sin-blinded eyes,
The Light of the world is Jesus;
Go, wash, at His bidding, and light will arise,
The Light of the world is Jesus.

4 No need of the sunlight in heaven, we're told,
The Light of the world is Jesus;
The Lamb is the light in the City of Gold,
The Light of that world is Jesus.

42. *G. H. & S. Songs, page 43.*

THE Spirit, oh, sinner,
In mercy doth move
Thy heart, so long hardened,
Of sin to reprove;

Resist not the Spirit,
Nor longer delay;
God's gracious entreaties, may end with to-day.

2 Oh, child of the kingdom,
From sin service cease:
Be filled with the Spirit,
With comfort and peace.
Oh, *grieve* not the Spirit,
Thy Teacher is He,
That Jesus, thy Saviour, may glorified be.

3 Defiled is the temple,
Its beauty laid low,
On God's holy altar
The embers faint glow.
By love yet rekindled,
A flame may be fanned;
Oh, *quench* not the Spirit, *the Lord is at hand!*

43. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 44.*

BENEATH the Cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand—
The shadow of a mighty Rock,
Within a weary land.
A home within the wilderness,
A rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noontide heat,
And the burden of the day.

2 O safe and happy shelter,
O refuge tried and sweet,
O trysting-place where Heaven's love,
And Heaven's justice meet!
As to the Holy Patriarch
That wondrous dream was given,
So seems my Saviour's Cross to me,
A ladder up to heaven.

3 There lies beneath its shadow,
But on the further side,
The darkness of an awful grave
That gapes both deep and wide;

And there between us stands the Cross,—
Two arms outstretched to save,—
Like a watchman set to guard the way
From that eternal grave.

- 4 Upon that Cross of Jesus,
Mine ye at times can see
The very dying form of One,
Who suffered there for me;
And from my smitten heart with tears,
Two wonders I confess—
The wonders of His glorious love,
And my own worthlessness.

- 5 I take, O Cross. Thy shadow
For my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine
Than the sunshine of His face;
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,—
My sinful self, my only shame,—
My glory all the Cross.

44. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 45.*

WITH harps and with viols, there stand a great
throng

In the presence of Jesus, and sing this new song:—

CHO.—Unto Him who hath loved us and washed us
from sin,

Unto Him be the glory forever. Amen.

- 2 All these once were sinners, defiled in His sight,
Now arrayed in pure garments in praise they unite.
- 3 He maketh the rebel a priest and a king,
He hath bought us and taught us this new song to
sing.

- 4 How helpless and hopeless we sinners had been,
If He never had loved us till cleansed from our sin.
- 5 Aloud in His praises our voices shall ring,
So that others believing, this new song shall sing.

45. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 46.*

JESUS, keep me near the Cross,
There a precious fountain
Free to all—a healing stream,
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

CHO.—In the Cross, in the Cross,
Be my glory ever;
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

2 Near the Cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and morning star
Shed its beams around me.

3 Near the Cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadows o'er me

4 Near the Cross I'll watch and wait
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.

46. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 47*

OH, bliss of the purified, bliss of the free,
I plunge in the crimson tide opened for me;
O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I stand,
And point to the print of the nails in His hand.

CHO.—Oh, sing of His mighty love,
Sing of His mighty love,
Sing of His mighty love,
Mighty to save.

- 2 Oh, bliss of the purified, Jesus is mine,
No longer in dread condemnation I pine;
In conscious salvation I sing of His grace,
Who lifteth upon me the light of His face.
- 3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot
cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.
- 4 O, Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er the
grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

47. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 43.*

- NOT now, my child,—a little more rough tossing,
A little longer on the billows' foam;
A few more journeyings in the desert darkness,
And then the sunshine of thy Father's Home!
- 2 Not now; for I have wanderers in the distance,
And thou must call them in with patient love;
Not now for I have sheep upon the mountains,
And thou must follow them where'er they rove.
- 3 Not now; for I have loved ones sad and weary;
Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile?
Sick ones, who need thee in their lonely sorrow;
Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while?
- 4 Not now; for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,
And thou must teach those widowed hearts to
sing;
Not now; for orphan's tears are quickly falling,
They must be gathered 'neath some sheltering
wing.
- 5 Go, with the name of Jesus, to the dying,
And speak that Name in all its living power;
Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and
weary?
Canst thou not watch with Me one little hour?

- 6 One little hour ! and then the glorious crowning,
The golden harp-strings, and the victor's palm ;
One little hour ! and then the hallelujah !
Eternity's long, deep thanksgiving psalm !

48. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 49.*

SAVIOUR, more than life to me,
S I am clinging, clinging close to Thee ;
Let Thy precious blood applied,
Keep me ever, ever near Thy side.

REF.—Every day, every hour,
Let me feel Thy cleansing power :
May Thy tender love to me,
Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to Thee.

2 Through this changing world below
Lead me gently, gently as I go ;
Trusting Thee, I cannot stray,
I can never, never lose my way.

3 Let me love Thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er ;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter world above.

49. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 50.*

GRACE ! 'tis a charming sound,
G Harmonious to the ear ;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

REF.—Saved by grace alone,
This is all my plea ;
Jesus died for all mankind,
And Jesus died for me.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man ;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

50. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 51.*

PRECIOUS promise God hath given
To the weary passer by,
On the way from earth to heaven,
“I will guide thee with Mine eye.”

REF.—I will guide thee, I will guide thee,
I will guide thee with Mine eye;
On the way from earth to heaven
I will guide thee with Mine eye.

2 When temptations, almost win thee,
And thy trusted watchers fly;
Let this promise ring within thee,
“I will guide thee with Mine eye.”

3 When thy secret hopes have perished,
In the grave of years gone by;
Let this promise still be cherished,
“I will guide thee with Mine eye.”

4 When the shades of life are falling,
And the hour has come to die;
Hear thy trusty Pilot calling,
“I will guide thee with Mine eye.”

51. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 52.*

HE leadeth me! oh! blessèd thought,
Oh! words with heav'nly comfort fraught;
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REF.—He leadeth me ! He leadeth me !
 By His own hand He leadeth me ;
 His faithful follower I would be,
 For by His hand He leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
 Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
 By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
 Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
 Nor ever murmur nor repine—
 Content, whatever lot I see,
 Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
 When, by Thy grace the victory's won,
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
 Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

52. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 53.*

DOWN life's dark vale we wander,
 Till Jesus comes ;
 We watch and wait and wonder,
 Till Jesus comes.

CHO.—All joy His loved ones bringing,
 When Jesus comes ;
 All praise through heaven ringing,
 When Jesus comes.
 All beauty bright and vernal,
 When Jesus comes ;
 All glory, grand, eternal,
 When Jesus comes.

2 Oh, let my lamp be burning
 When Jesus comes ;
 For Him my soul be yearning,
 When Jesus comes.

3 No more heart-pangs nor sadness,
 When Jesus comes ;
 All peace and joy and gladness,
 When Jesus comes.

- 4 All doubts and fears will vanish,
 When Jesus comes ;
 All gloom His face will banish,
 When Jesus comes.
- 5 He'll know the way was dreary,
 When Jesus comes ;
 He'll know the feet grew weary,
 When Jesus comes.
- 6 He'll know what griefs oppressed me,
 When Jesus comes ;
 Oh, how His arms will rest me !
 When Jesus comes.

53. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 54.*

WHAT! "lay my sins on Jesus?"
 God's well-beloved Son!
 No! 'tis a truth most precious,
 That God e'en *that* has done.

CHO.—Hallelujah, Jesus saves me,
 He makes me "white as snow."
 Hallelujah, Jesus saves me,
 He makes me "white as snow."

- 2 Yes, 'tis a truth most precious,
 To all who do believe,
 God laid our sins on Jesus,
 Who did the load receive.
- 3 What! "bring our guilt to Jesus?"
 To wash away our stains;
 The act is passed that freed us,
 And naught to do remains.

54. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 55.*

JUST as I am, without one plea,
 But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
 O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
- 5 Just as I am; Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

55. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 55.*

TO-DAY the Saviour calls:
Ye wand'ers come;
O, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls:
Oh, listen now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls:
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to His power;
Oh, grieve Him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour.

56. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 56.*

THE great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus :
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

CHO.—Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus ;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb !
I now believe in Jesus ,
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 The children too, both great and small,
Who love the name of Jesus,
May now accept the gracious call
To work and live for Jesus.

5 Come, brethren, help me sing His praise
Oh, praise the name of Jesus ;
Come, sisters, all your voices raise,
Oh, bless the name of Jesus.

6 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus ;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

7 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

57. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 57.*

- O** CHRIST, what burdens bowed Thy head!
Our load was laid on Thee;
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead,
Didst bear all ill for me.
A Victim led, Thy blood was shed;
Now there's no load for me.
- 2** Death and the curse were in our cup—
O Christ, 'twas full for Thee!
But Thou hast drained the last dark drop—
'Tis empty now for me.
That bitter cup—love drank it up;
Now blessings' draught for me.
- 3** Jehovah lifted up His rod—
O Christ, it fell on Thee!
Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God;
There's not one stroke for me.
Thy tears, Thy blood, beneath it flowed;
Thy bruising healeth me.
- 4** The tempest's awful voice was heard—
O Christ, it broke on Thee!
Thy open bosom was my ward,
It braved the storm for me.
Thy form was scarred, Thy visage marred
Now cloudless peace for me.
- 5** Jehovah bade His sword awake—
O Christ, it woke 'gainst Thee!
Thy blood the flaming blade must slake;
Thy heart its sheath must be—
All for my sake, my peace to make;
Now sleeps that sword for me.
- 6** For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee;
Thou'rt risen: my bands are all untied,
And now Thou liv'st in me.
When purified, made white, and tried.
Thy GLOBE then for me

58

Tune—*G. H. & S. Songs, page 58.*

OH, to be over yonder!
In that land of wonder,
Where the angel voices mingle, and the angel harpers
ring;
To be free from pain and sorrow,
And the anxious, dread to-morrow,
To rest in light and sunshine, in the presence of the
King.

2 Oh, to be over yonder!
My yearning heart grows fonder
Of looking to the east, to see the blessed day-star
bring
Some tidings of the waking,
The cloudless, pure day breaking;—
My heart is yearning—yearning for the coming of the
King.

3 Oh, to be over yonder!
Alas! I sigh and wonder
Why clings my poor weak, sinful heart to any earthly
thing,
Each tie of earth must sever,
And pass away for ever,
But there's no more separation in the presence of the
King

4 Oh, when shall I be dwelling—
Where angel voices, swelling
In triumphant hallelujahs, make the vaulted heaven
ring?
Where the pearly gates are gleaming,
And the morning star is beaming?
Oh, when shall I be yonder in the presence of the
King?

5 Oh, when shall I be yonder?
The longing groweth stronger
To join in all the praises the redeemed ones do sing

Within those heavenly places,
Where the angels veil their faces,
In awe and adoration in the presence of the King

6 Oh, I shall soon be yonder,
And lonely as I wander,
Yearning for the welcome summer—longing for the
bird's fleet wing;
The midnight may be dreary,
And the heart be worn and weary,
But there's no more shadow yonder in the presence
of the King.

59.

Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 59.

I AM coming to the cross;
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

CHO.—I am trusting, Lord in Thee,
Blest Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
“I will cleanse you from all sin.”

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body, Thine to be,—
Wholly thine for evermore.

4 In thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in Him I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

60. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 60.*

- ALL the way my Saviour leads me :
 A What have I to ask beside ?
 Can I doubt his tender mercy,
 Who thro' life has been my guide ?
 Heavenly peace, divinest comfort,
 Here by faith in Him to dwell !
 || : For I know whate'er befall me,
 Jesus doeth all things well. : ||
- 2 All the way my Saviour leads me ;
 Cheers each winding path I tread ;
 Gives me grace for every trial,
 Feeds me with the living bread ;
 Tho' my weary steps may falter,
 And my soul athirst may be,
 || : Gushing from the Rock before me,
 Lo ! a spring of joy I see. : ||
- 3 All the way my Saviour leads me ;
 Oh, the fullness of his love !
 Perfect rest to me is promised
 In my Father's house above ;
 When my spirit, cloth'd immortal,
 Wings its flight to realms of day,
 || : This my song through endless ages—
 Jesus led me all the way. : ||

61. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 61.*

- GO bury thy sorrow,
 G The world hath its share :
 Go bury it deeply,
 Go hide it with care ;
 Go think of it calmly,
 When curtained by night,
 Go tell it to Jesus,
 And all will be right.
- 2 Go tell it to Jesus,
 He knoweth thy grief ;
 Go tell it to Jesus,
 He'll send thee relief,

Go gather the sunshine
 He sheds on the way ;
 He'll lighten thy burden,
 Go, weary one, pray.

- 3 Hearts growing a-weary
 With heavier woe
 Now droop 'mid the darkness—
 Go comfort them, go,
 Go bury thy sorrows,
 Let others be blest ;
 Go give them the sunshine,—
 Tell Jesus the rest.

62. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 62.*

COME to the Saviour, make no delay ;
 Here in His word He's shown us the way ;
 Here in our midst He's standing to-day,
 Tenderly saying, " Come !"

CHO.—Joyful, joyful will the meeting be,
 When from sin our hearts are pure and free ;
 And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee
 In our eternal home.

- 2 " Suffer the children !" Oh, hear His voice,
 Let ev'ry heart leap forth and rejoice,
 And let us freely make Him our choice ;
 Do not delay, but come.

- 3 Think once again, He's with us to-day ;
 Heed now His blest commands, and obey ;
 Hear now His accents tenderly say,
 " Will you, my children come ?"

63. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 63.*

I HEAR Thy welcome voice
 That calls me, Lord, to Thee
 For cleansing in Thy precious blood
 That flowed on Calvary.

CHO.—I am coming Lord !
 Coming now to Thee !

Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

2 Tho' coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love;
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4 'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessed work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.

5 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

6 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the Gift of Christ; our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

64. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 64.*

TO the hall of the feast came the sinful and poor;
She heard in the city that Jesus was there;
Unheeding the splendor that blazed on the board,
||: She silently knelt at the feet of the Lord.:||

2 The frown and the murmur went round through
them all,
That one so unhallowed should tread in that hall;
And some said the poor would be objects more
meet, [His feet.:||

||: As the wealth of her perfume she shower'd on
3 She heard but the Saviour, she spoke but with
sighs;
She dare not look up to the heaven of His eyes:

And the hot tears gushed forth at each heave of her
 breast, [pressed. : ||
 ¶: As her lips to His sandals were thobbingly
 4 In the sky, after tempest, as shineth the bow,—
 In the glance of the sunbeam, as melteth the snow,
 He looked on that lost one: "her sins were for-
 given," [heaven. :
 ¶: And the sinner went forth in the beauty of

65. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs page 65.*

BRIGHTLY beams our Father's mercy
 From His light-house evermore ;
 But to us He gives the keeping
 Of the lights along the shore.

CHO.—Let the lower lights be burning !
 Send a gleam across the wave !
 Some poor fainting, struggling seaman
 You may rescue, you may save.

2 Dark the night of sin has settled,
 Loud the angry billows roar ;
 Eager eyes are watching, longing,
 For the lights along the shore.

3 Trim your feeble lamp, my brother :
 Some poor seaman tempest-tost,
 Trying now to make the harbor,
 In the darkness *may be lost*.

66. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 66.*

A LONG time I wandered in darkness and sin,
 And wondered if ever the light would shine in,
 I heard Christian friends tell of rapture divine,
 And wish'd, how I wish'd that their Saviour were
 mine.

CHO.—I wish'd He were mine, yes, I wish'd He were
 mine ; were mine.
 I wished, how I wished, that their Saviour

- 2 I heard the glad gospel of "good-will to men ;"
 I read "whosoever" again and again ;
 I said to my soul, "Can that promise be thine ?"
 And then began hoping that Jesus was mine.

CHO.—I hoped He was mine, yes, I hoped He was
 mine ;
 I then began hoping that Jesus was mine.

- 3 Oh, mercy surprising, He saves even me !
 "Thy portion forever," He says, "will I be,"
 On His word I'm resting—assurance divine—
 I'm "hoping" no longer—I know He is mine !

CHO.—I know He is mine, yes, I know He is mine !
 I'm "hoping" no longer—I know He is mine.

67. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 67.*

THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign ;
 Eternal day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain ;
 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never with'ring flowers ;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.

- 2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dressed in living green ;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between ;
 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er ;
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
 Should fright us from the shore.

68. *Tune—RATHBUN. 8s & 7s. Key C.*

I N the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time
 All the light of sacred story,
 Gathers round its head sublime.

-
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me ;
 Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming,
 Adds new luster to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified ;
 Peace is there, that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.
-

69. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 68.*

- “**T**ILL *He come !*”—Oh, let the words
 Linger on the trembling chords ;
 Let the “ little while ” between
 In their golden light be seen ;
 Let us think, how heav’n and home
 Lie beyond that “ *Till He come !* ”
- 2 When the weary ones we love
 Enter on that rest above,
 When their words of love and cheer
 Fall no longer on our ear,
 Hush ! be every murmur dumb,
 It is only “ *Till He come !* ”
- 3 Clouds and darkness round us press ;
 Would we have one sorrow less ?
 All the sharpness of the cross,
 All that tells the world is loss,
 Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
 Pain us only “ *Till He come !* ”
- 4 See the feast of love is spread,
 Drink the wine and eat the bread ;
 Sweet memorials, till the Lord
 Call us round His heavenly board,
 Some from earth, from glory some,
 Severed only “ *Till He come !* ”

70.

DENNIS. S. M. Key F.

HOW solemn are the words,
 And yet to faith how plain,
 Which Jesus uttered while on earth—
"Ye must be born again!"

2 *"Ye must be born again!"*

For so hath God decreed,
 No reformation will suffice—
'Tis life poor sinners need.

3 *"Ye must be born again!"*

And life in *Christ* must have;
 In vain the soul may elsewhere go—
'Tis He alone can save.

4 *"Ye must be born again!"*

Or never enter heaven;
'Tis only blood-washed ones are there—
 The ransomed and forgiven.

75

ORTONVILLE. C. M. Key B \flat .

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear;
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name, the Rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding-place;
 My never-failing treasure, filled
 With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend;
 My Prophet, Priest, and King;
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,—
 Accept the praise I bring.

- 5 I would Thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
So shall the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

72. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 69.*

TAKE the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe—
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it, then, where'er you go.

CHO.—Precious name, O how sweet,
Hope of earth and joy of heaven ;
Precious name, O how sweet,
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

- 2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare ;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that Holy Name in prayer.

- 3 Oh ! the precious name of Jesus ;
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ !

- 4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him,
When our journey is complete.

73. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 10.*

IT passeth knowledge ; that dear love of Thine !
My Jesus ! Saviour ! Yet this soul of mine
Would of that love, in all its depth and length,
Its height, and breadth, and everlasting strength
Know more and more.

- 2 It passeth *telling* ! that dear love of Thine,
My Jesus ! Saviour ! Yet these lips of mine
Would fain proclaim to sinners far and near
A love which can remove all guilty fear,
And love beget.
- 3 It passeth *praises* ! that dear love of Thine,
My Jesus ! Saviour ! Yet this heart of mine
Would sing a love so rich, so full, so free,
Which brought an undone sinner, such as me,
Right home to God.
- 4 But ah ! I cannot tell, or sing, or know,
The fulness of that love, whilst here below
Yet my poor vessel I may freely bring ;—
O Thou who art of love the living spring,
My vessel fill.
- 5 I am an empty vessel ! scarce one thought
Or look of love to Thee I've ever brought ;
Yet I may come, and come again to Thee
With this—the contrite sinner's truthful plea—
“ *Thou lovest me !* ”
- 6 Oh ! fill me, Jesus ! Saviour ! with Thy love !
May woes but drive me to the fount above ;
Thither may I in childlike faith draw nigh,
And never to another fountain fly
But unto Thee.
- 7 And when, my Jesus ! Thy dear face I see,
When at Thy lofty throne I bend the knee,
Then of Thy love—in all its breadth and length,
Its height, and depth, and everlasting strength—
My soul shall sing.

4. Tune—*G. H. & S. Songs, page 71.*

O H. to be nothing, nothing,
Only to lie at His feet,
A broken and emptied vessel,
For the Master's use made meet.

Emptied that He might fill me
 As forth to His service I go;
 Broken, that so unhindered,
 His life through me might flow.

CHO.—Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
 Only to lie at His feet,
 A broken and emptied vessel,
 For the Master's use made meet.

2 Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
 Only as led by His hand;
 A messenger at His gateway,
 Only waiting for His command;
 Only an instrument ready
 His praises to sound at His will,
 Willing, should He not require me
 In silence to wait on Him still.

3 Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
 Painful the humbling may be;
 Yet low in the dust I'd lay me
 That the world might my Saviour see.
 Rather be nothing, nothing,—
 To Him let their voices be raised;
 He is the Fountain of blessing,
 He only, is most to be praised.

75. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 72.*

“ALMOST persuaded” now to believe;
 “Almost persuaded” Christ to receive;
 Seems now some soul to say,
 “Go, Spirit, go Thy way,
 Some more convenient day
 On Thee I'll call.”

2 “Almost persuaded,” come, come to-day;
 “Almost persuaded,” turn not, away;
 Jesus invites you here,
 Angels are lingering near,
 Prayers rise from hearts so dear:
 “O wanderer, come.”

- 3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past!
 "Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!
 "Almost" cannot avail;
 "Almost" is but to fail!
 Sad, sad, that bitter wail—
 "Almost—*but lost!*"

76. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 73.*

FULLY persuaded, Lord. I believe!
 Fully persuaded, Thy Spirit give;
 I will obey Thy call;
 Low at Thy feet I fall;
 Now I surrender all,
 Christ to receive.

- 2 Fully persuaded—Lord, hear my cry!
 Fully persuaded—pass me not by;
 Just as I am, I come,
 I will no longer roam,
 O make my heart Thy home;
 Save, or I die!

- 3 Fully persuaded, no more oppress,
 Fully persuaded, now I am blest;
 Jesus is now my Guide,
 I will in Christ abide;
 My soul is satisfied
 In Him to rest!

Fully persuaded, Jesus is mine;
 Fully persuaded, Lord, I am thine!
 O make my love to Thee
 Like Thine own love to me,
 So rich, so full and free,—
 Saviour divine!

77. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 74.*

SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
 That calls me from a world of care,
 And bids me at my Father's throne
 Make all my wants and wishes known;

- In seasons of distress and grief.
 My soul has often found relief.
 ¶ And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer. :||
- 2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
 Thy wings shall my petition bear
 To Him whose truth and faithfulness
 Engage the waiting soul to bless.
 And since He bids me seek His face,
 Believe His word, and trust His grace,
 ¶ I'll cast on Him my every care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer! :
- 3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
 May I thy consolation share,
 Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
 I view my home and take my flight;
 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
 To seize the everlasting prize;
 ¶ And shout while passing through the air,
 Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer! : ||

78. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 75.*

ONE offer of salvation,
 To all the world make known;
 The only sure foundation
 Is Christ the Corner Stone.

CHO.—No other name is given,
 No other way is known,
 'Tis Jesus Christ the First and Last,
 He saves, and He alone.

2 One only door of heaven
 Stands open wide to-day,
 One sacrifice is given,
 'Tis Christ, the living way.

3 My only song and story
 Is—Jesus died for me;
 My only hope for glory.
 The Cross of Calvary.

79. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 76.*

SOWING the seed by the daylight fair,
 Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
 Sowing the seed by the fading light,
 Sowing the seed in the solemn night;
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?

CHO.—||: Sown in the darkness or sown in the light, :||
 ||: Sown in our weakness or sown in our might, :||
 Gathered in time or eternity,
 Sure, ah, sure will the harvest be.

2 Sowing the seed by the wayside high,
 Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
 Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,
 Sowing the seed in the fertile soil;
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?

3 Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
 Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
 Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
 Sowing the seed of eternal shame;
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?

4 Sowing the seed with an aching heart,
 Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,
 Sowing in hope till the reapers come,
 Gladly to gather the harvest home;
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?

80. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 78.*

THERE is life for a look at the Crucified One,
 There is life at this moment for thee;
 Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved,
 Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.

REF.—Look! look! look and live!
 There is life for a look at the Crucified One,
 There is life at this moment for thee.

- 2 Oh, why was He there as the Bearer of sin,
If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid ?
Oh, why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing
blood,
If His dying thy debt has not paid ?
- 3 It is not thy tears of repentance and prayers,
But the *Blood*, that atones for the soul ;
On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.
- 4 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has de-
clared
There remained no more to be done ;
That once in the end of the world He appeared,
And completed the work He begun.
- 5 Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at once
The life everlasting He gives ;
And know with assurance thou never canst die
Since Jesus thy righteousness, lives.

81. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 79.*

- Y**ET there is room ! The Lamb's bright hall of song,
With its fair glory, beckons thee along ;
Room, room, still room ! oh, enter, enter now !
- 2 Day is declining, and the sun is low ;
The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go :
Room, room, still room ! oh, enter, enter now !
- 3 The bridal hall is filling for the feast :
Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest ;
Room, room, still room ! oh, enter, enter now !
- 4 It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee !
Make haste, make haste ; 'tis not too full for thee :
Room, room, still room ! oh, enter, enter now .
- 5 Yet there is room ! Still open stands the gate,
The gate of love ; it is not yet too late :
Room, room, still room ! oh, enter, enter now !

- 6 Pass in, pass in ! That banquet is for thee ;
That cup of everlasting love is free ;
Room, room, still room ! oh, enter, enter now !
- 7 All heaven is there, all joy ! Go in, go in ;
The angels beckon thee the prize to win :
Room, room, still room ! oh, enter, enter now !
- 8 Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call ;
Come lingerer, come ; enter that festal hall :
Room, room, still room ! oh, enter, enter now !
- 9 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom ;
Then the last, low, long cry :—" No room, no
room !"
No room, no room :—oh, woful cry, " No room !"

82. *G. H. & S. Songs, page 80.*

ONLY an an armour-bearer, proudly I stand,
Waiting to follow at the King's command ;
Marching if " onward " shall the order be,
Standing by my Captain, serving faithfully.

- CHO.—Hear ye the battle cry ! " Forward," the call !
See ! see the faltering ones ! backward they fall.
|| : Surely the Captain may depend on me,
Though but an armour-bearer I may be. :||
- 2 Only an armour-bearer, now in the field,
Guarding a shining helmet, sword, and shield,
Waiting to hear the thrilling battle-cry,
Ready then to answer, " Master, here am I."
- 3 Only an armour-bearer, yet may I share
Glory immortal, and a bright crown wear :
If, in the battle, to my trust I'm true,
Mine shall be the honors in the Grand Review.

83. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 82.*

LIGHT in the darkness, sailor, day is at hand !
See o'er the foaming billows fair Haven's land,
Drear was the voyage, sailor, now almost o'er,
Safe within the life-boat, sailor, pull for the shore.

CHO.—Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore !
 Heed not the rolling waves, but bend to the
 oar ; [more !
 Safe in the life-boat, sailor, cling to self no
 Leave the poor old stranded wreck, and pull
 for the shore.

2 Trust in the life-boat, sailor, all else will fail,
 Stronger the surges dash, and fiercer the gale,
 Heed not the stormy winds, though loudly they
 roar ; [shore.
 Watch the "bright morning star," and pull for the

3 Bright gleams the morning, sailor, up lift the eye,
 Clouds and darkness disappearing, glory is nigh !
 Safe in the life-boat, sailor, sing evermore ;
 "Glory, glory, hallelujah !" pull for the shore.

84. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 84.*

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
 It is not night if Thou be near ;
 Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise,
 To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
 My wearied eye-lids gently steep,
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
 Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
 For without Thee I cannot live ;
 Abide with me when night is nigh,
 For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
 Have spurned to-day the voice divine—
 Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
 Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch the sick : enrich the poor
 With blessings from Thy boundless store ;
 Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
 Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

85. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 84.*

- J**ESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, oh, my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make me, keep me, pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

86. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 85.*

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From Thy riven side which flowed:
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Save me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labor of my hands
 Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears forever flow,
 All for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to Thy cross I cling;
 Naked, come to Thee for dress,
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace:
 Foul, I to the fountain fly,
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When mine eyes shall close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

87. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 86.*

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
 Thou art scattering full and free—
 Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
 Let some droppings fall on me—

CHO.—Even me, even me,
 Let Thy blessing fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
 Sinful tho' my heart may be;
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
 Let Thy mercy fall on me.—Even me.

- 3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour !
 Let me love and cling to Thee ;
 I am longing for Thy favor ;
 Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me—Even me.
- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit !
 Thou can'st make the blind to see ;
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
 Speak the word of power to me.— Even me.
- 5 Love of God, so pure and changeless ;
 Blood of Christ, so rich and free ;
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless ;—
 Magnify them all in me.— Even me.
- 6 Pass me not ! Thy lost one bringing,
 Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee ;
 While the streams of life are springing
 Blessing others, oh, bless me.—Even me.

88.

Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 86.

- G**UIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land ;
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand ;
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing waters flow ;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through ;
 Strong deliverer,
 Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;
 Bear me through the swelling current,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side ;
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to Thee.

89.

Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 87.

YIELD not to temptation,
For yielding is sin,
Each victory will help you
Some other to win;
Fight manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

CHO.—Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

2 Shun evil companions,
Bad language disdain,
God's name hold in rev'rence,
Nor take it in vain;
Be thoughtful and earnest,
Kind-hearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

3 To him that o'ercometh
God giveth a crown,
Thro' faith we shall conquer,
Though often cast down;
He who is our Saviour,
Our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

90.

Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 88.

I LEFT it all with Jesus
Long ago;
All my sins I brought Him,
And my woe.
When by faith I saw Him
On the tree,
Heard His small, still whisper,
'Tis for thee.'

||: From my heart the burden
Rolled away—Happy day !:||

2 I leave it all with Jesus,
For He knows
How to steal the bitter
From life's woes;
How to gild the tear-drop
With His smile,
Make the desert garden
Bloom awhile ;
||: When my weakness leaneth
On His might, All seems light. :

3 I leave it all with Jesus
Day by day ;
Faith can firmly trust Him,
Come what may.
Hope has dropped her anchor,
Found her rest
In the calm, sure haven
Of His breast ;
||: Love esteems it heaven
To abide At His side. :||

4 Oh, leave it *all* with Jesus
Drooping soul !
Tell not *half* thy story,
But the whole.
Worlds on worlds are hanging
On His hand,
Life and death are waiting
His command ;
||: Yet His tender bosom
Makes *thee* room—Oh, come home. ;

91.

Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 89.

TH*ERE* is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

REF.—Lose all their guilty stains,
 Lose all their guilty stains;
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood
 Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there may I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.—Wash all, &c.

3 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.—And shall, &c.

4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
 I'll sing Thy power to save,
 When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.—Lies silent, &c.

92. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 90.*

OH, think of the home over there,
 By the side of the river of light,
 Where the saints all immortal and fair,
 Are robed in their garments of white.

REF.—Over there, over there,
 Oh, think of the home over there.

2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
 Who before us the journey have trod,
 Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
 In their home in the palace of God.

REF.—Over there, over there,
 Oh, think of the friends over there,

3 My Saviour is now over there,
 There my kindred and friends are at rest;
 Then away from my sorrow and care
 Let me fly to the land of the blest.
 Over there, over there,
 My Saviour is now over there.

- 4 I'll soon be at home over there,
 For the end of my journey I see;
 Many dear to my heart, over there,
 Are watching and waiting for me.
 Over there, over there,
 I'll soon be at home over there.

93.

Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 91.

- M**ORE holiness give me,
 More strivings within;
 More patience in suffering,
 More sorrow for sin;
 More faith in my Saviour,
 More sense of His care;
 More joy in His service,
 More purpose in prayer.
- 2 More gratitude give me,
 More trust in the Lord;
 More pride in His glory,
 More hope in His word;
 More tears for His sorrows,
 More pain at His grief;
 More meekness in trial,
 More praise for relief.
- 3 More purity give me,
 More strength to o'ercome;
 More freedom from earth-stains,
 More longings for home;
 More fit for the kingdom,
 More used would I be;
 More blessed and holy,
 More, Saviour, like Thee.

94.

Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 92.

- C**OME, every soul by sin oppressed,
 There's mercy with the Lord,
 And He will surely give you rest,
 By trusting in His word.

CHO.—Only trust Him, only trust Him,
 Only trust Him now ;
 He will save you, He will save you,
 He will save you now.

2 For Jesus shed His precious blood
 Rich blessings to bestow ;
 Plunge now into the crimson flood
 That washes white as snow.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
 That leads you into rest ;
 Believe in Him without delay,
 And you are fully blest.

4 Come then, and join this holy band,
 And on to glory go,
 To dwell in that celestial land,
 Where joys immortal flow.

95. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 93.*

OH, come to the Saviour believe in His name—
 And ask Him your heart to renew ;
 He waits to be gracious, O turn not away,
 For now there is pardon for you.

CHO.—Yes, there is pardon for you,
 Yes, there is pardon for you ;
 For Jesus has died to redeem you,
 And offers full pardon to you.

2 The way of transgression that leads unto death,
 Oh, why will you longer pursue ?
 How can you reject the sweet message of love
 That offers full pardon for you ?

3 Be warned of your danger ; escape to the cross ;
 Your only salvation is there ;
 Believe, and that moment the Spirit of grace
 Will answer your penitent prayer.

96. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 94.*

NOTHING but leaves ! The spirit grieves
 O'er years of wasted life ;
 O'er sins indulged while conscience slept,

- O'er vows and promises unkept,
 And reap from years of strife—
 Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!
- 2 Nothing but leaves! No gathered sheaves,
 Of life's fair ripening grain:
 We sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds,—
 Words, *idle* words, for earnest deeds—
 Then reap, with toil and pain,
 Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!
- 3 Nothing but leaves! Sad mem'ry weaves
 No vail to hide the past:
 And as we trace our weary way,
 And count each lost and misspent day
 We sadly find at last—
 Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!
- 4 Ah, who shall thus the Master meet,
 And bring but withered leaves?
 Ah, who shall at the Saviour's feet,
 Before the awful judgment-seat
 Lay down for golden sheaves,
 Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

97.

Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 95.

WHEN He cometh, when He cometh
 To make up His jewels,
 All His jewels, precious jewels,
 His loved and His own.

CHO.—Like the stars of the morning,
 His bright crown adorning,
 They shall shine in their beauty,
 Bright gems for His crown.

- 2 He will gather, He will gather
 The gems for His kingdom:
 All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
 His loved and His own.
- 3 Little children, little children,
 Who love their Redeemer,
 Are the jewels, precious jewels,
 His loved and His own.

98. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 96.*

“GO work in My vineyard ;” there’s plenty to do ;
The harvest is great, and the laborers are few ;
There’s weeding, and fencing, and clearing of roots,
And ploughing, and sowing, and gathering the
fruits.

There are foxes to take, there are wolves to destroy,
All ages and ranks I can fully employ ;
I’ve sheep to be tended, and lambs to be fed ;
The lost must be gathered, the weary ones led.

CHO.—Go work, go work, go work in My vineyard ;
There’s plenty to do ;
Go work, go work. The harvest is great,
And the laborers are few.

2 “Go work in My vineyard ;” I claim thee as Mine ;
With blood did I buy thee and all that is thine—
Thy time and thy talents, thy loftiest powers,
Thy warmest affections, thy sunniest hours.
I willingly yielded My kingdom for thee,
The songs of archangels—to hang on the tree,
In pain and temptation, in anguish and shame,
I paid thy full ransom ; My purchase I claim.

3 “Go work in My vineyard ;” oh, work while ’tis
day !
The bright hours of sunshine are hastening away,
And night’s gloomy shadows are gathering fast,
Then the time for our labor shall ever be past.
Begin in the morning and toil all the day ;
Thy strength I’ll supply, and thy wages I’ll pay ;
And blessed, thrice blessed, the diligent few
Who’ll finish the labor I’ve given them to do.

99. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 97.*

- D**EPTH of mercy ! can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me ?
 Can my God His wrath forbear ?
 Me, the chief of sinners, spare ? .
- 2 I have long withstood His grace ;
 Long provoked Him to His face ;
 Would not hearken to His calls,
 Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Now, incline me to repent ;
 Let me now my sins lament ;
 Now my foul revolt deplore,
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

100. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 98.*

- M**Y heart, that was heavy and sad,
 Was made to rejoice and be glad,
 And peace without measure I had,
 When the Comforter came.
- REF.—Peace, sweet peace,
 Peace when the Comforter came !
 My heart that was heavy and sad,
 Was made to rejoice and be glad,
 And peace without measure I had,
 When the Comforter came.
- 2 To sin and to evil inclined,
 With darkness pervading my mind,
 No rest I could anywhere find,
 Till the Comforter came.
- 3 The voice of thanksgiving I raised,
 The Lord, my Redeemer, I praised ;
 I was at His mercy amaz'd,
 When the Comforter came.

101. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 99.*

- A**LL hail the power of Jesus' name !
 Let angels prostrate fall ;
 ¶ Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown Him Lord of all : ¶

- 2 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall ;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

102. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 99.*

- O** FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise ;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.
- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy Name.
- 3 Jesus!—the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean ;
His blood avail'd for me.

103. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 100.*

- W**HAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to the mercy-seat !
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there ?
- 2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright:
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

104. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 100.*

SO let our lips and lives express
 The holy gospel we profess ;
 So let our works and virtues shine,
 To prove the doctrine all divine.

- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
 The honors of our Saviour God ;
 When His salvation reigns within,
 And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Religion bears our spirits up,
 While we expect that blessed hope,—
 The bright appearance of the Lord :
 And faith stands leaning on His word.

105. *Tune—RETREAT. L. M. Key C.*

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
 From every swelling tide of woes,
 There is a calm, a sure retreat ;
 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

- 2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
 The oil of gladness on our heads ;
 A place than all besides more sweet,—
 It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
 Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;
 Though sunder'd far, by faith we meet,
 Around one common mercy-seat.

106. *Tune—BENEVENTO. 7s. 8 lines. Key F.*

SINNERS, turn ; why will ye die ?
 God, your Maker, asks you why ?
 God, who did your being give,
 Made you with Himself to live ;
 He the fatal cause demands ;
 Asks the work of His own hands,—
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why
 Will ye cross His love, and die ?

- 2 Sinners, turn ; why will ye die ?
 God, your Saviour, asks you why ?

He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself, that ye might live.
Will ye let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight His grace and die?

- 3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why?
He who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace His love.
Will ye not His grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die?

107. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 101.*

THE Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

- 2 My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n for His own name's sake.
- 3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.
- 4 My table 'Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.
- 5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling place shall be.

108. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 101.*

- O** FOR a faith that will not shrink,
 Though press'd by every foe,
 That will not tremble on the brink
 Of any earthly wo ;
- 2 That will not murmur or complain
 Beneath the chast'ning rod,
 But, in the hour of grief or pain,
 Will lean upon its God ;—
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
 When tempests rage without ;
 That when in danger knows no fear,
 In darkness feels no doubt ;—
- 4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
 And then, whate'er may come,
 We'll taste e'en here, the hallow'd bliss
 Of an eternal home.

109. *Tune—AZMON. C. M. Key A.*

- S**ALVATION ! O the joyful sound !
 What pleasure to our ears ;
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Salvation ! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.
- 3 Salvation ! O Thou bleeding Lamb !
 To Thee the praise belongs ;
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.

110. *Tune—ANTIOCH. C. M. Key E \flat .*

- J**OY to the world, the Lord is come !
 Let earth receive her King ;
 Let every heart prepare Him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns,
 Let men their songs employ ;

While fields, and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

- 3 He rules the world with truth and grace.
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

111. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 102.*

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker died,
For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

112. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 102.*

MY soul be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

- 2 O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

- 3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down ;
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.
- 4 Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God ;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.

113. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 103.*

- NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burden thou did'st bear ;
While hanging on the cursèd tree,
And knows her guilt was there.

114. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 103.*

- BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,—
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes :
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain,
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

115. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 104.*

- A**M I a soldier of the cross —
A foll'wer of the Lamb,—
And shall I fear to own His cause.
Or blush to speak His name ?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease ;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas ?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face ?
Must I not stem the flood ?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God ?
- 4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord,
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

116. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 104.*

- C**OME Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace ;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise ;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above ;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it !
Mount of Thy redeeming love.
- 2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come ;
And I hope by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;

He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

- 3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be !
Let Thy goodness as a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.
-

117. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 105.*

MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary;
Saviour divine;
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O, let me from this day,
Be wholly thine.

- 2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

- 4 When ends life's transient dream;
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distress remove;
O bear me safe above,—
A ransom'd soul.

118 TUNE—BETHANY. 6s & 4s. Key G.

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

119. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 106.*

- A**RISE, my soul. arise ;
 Shake off thy guilty fears,
 The bleeding sacrifice
 In my behalf appears ;
 Before the throne my Surety stands,
 : My name is written on His hands. :||
- 2 He ever lives above,
 For me to intercede,
 His all redeeming love,
 His precious blood, to plead ;
 His blood atoned for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
 Received on Calvary ;
 They pour effectual prayers,
 They strongly plead for me ;
 'Forgive him, oh, forgive, they cry,
 Nor let that ransomed sinner die.
- 4 My God is reconciled ;
 His pardoning voice I hear ;
 He owns me for His child ;
 I can no longer fear ;
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

120. *Tune—"YOUR MISSION." Key F.:*

- H**ARK ! the voice of Jesus crying,—
 " Who will go and work to-day ?
 Fields are white and harvest waiting ;
 Who will bear the sheaves away ?"
 Loud and strong the Master calleth,
 Rich reward He offers thee ;
 Who will answer, gladly saying,
 " Here am I ; send me, send me !"

- 2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
 And the heathen lands explore,

- You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you do for Jesus,
Will be precious in His sight.
- 3 If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.
- 4 If you cannot be the watchman,
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all;—
With your prayers and with your bounties
You can do what heaven demands;
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands.
- 5 If among the older people,
You may not be apt to teach;
“Feed my lambs,” said Christ, our Shepherd,
“Place the food within their reach.”
And it may be that the children
You have led with trembling hand,
Will be found among your jewels,
When you reach the better land.
- 6 Let none hear you idly saying,
“There is nothing I can do,”
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
“Here am I; send me, send me!”

121. Tune—WEBB. 7s & 6s. Key B \flat .

STAND up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song;
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

122. Tune—WORK FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING. Key F.

WORK, for the night is coming;
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

- 2 Work, for the night is coming ;
 Work through the sunny noon ;
 Fill brightest hours with labor ;
 Rest comes sure and soon.
 Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store ;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies ;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies.
 Work, till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more :
 Work, while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

123. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 101.*

- I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
 " Come unto Me and rest ;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon My breast."
- 2 I came to Jesus as I was—
 Weary, and worn, and sad ;
 I found in Him a resting-place,
 And He has made me glad.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 " Behold I freely give
 The living water—thirsty one.
 Stoop down, and drink, and live."
- 4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream ;
 My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived
 And now I live in Him.

5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's light;
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright."

6 I look'd to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun;
 And in that Light of Life I'll walk
 Till trav'ling days are done.

124. Tune—BEAUTIFUL RIVER. Key E_b.

SHALL we gather at the river
 Where bright angel feet have trod;
 With its crystal tide for ever
 Flowing by the throne of God?

CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river,
 The beautiful, the beautiful river—
 Gather with the saints at the river,
 That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
 Washing up its silver spray,
 We will walk and worship ever
 All the happy, golden day.

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
 Lay we every burden down;
 Grace our spirits will deliver
 And provide a robe and crown.

4 At the smiling of the river,
 Mirror of the Saviour's face,
 Saints whom death will never sever,
 Lift their songs of saving grace.

5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
 Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
 Soon our happy hearts will quiver
 With the melody of peace.

125.

40th PSALM. C. M.

I WAITED for the Lord, my God,
 And patiently did bear;
 At length to me He did incline
 My voice and cry to hear.

2 He took me from a fearful pit,
 And from the miry clay,
 And on a rock He set my feet,
 Establishing my way.

3 He put a new song in my mouth,
 Our God to magnify;
 Many shall see it, and shall fear,
 And on the Lord rely.

4 O blessed is the man whose trust
 Upon the Lord relies;
 Respecting not the proud, nor such
 As turn aside to lies.

126. TUNE—SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD.

8s, 7s & 4. Key E \flat .

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
 Much we need Thy tend'rest care,
 In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
 For our use Thy folds prepare;
 ||: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast bought us, Thine we are. :||

2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
 Be the Guardian of our way;
 Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
 Seek us when we go astray;
 ||: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
 Hear, O hear us, when we pray. :||

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse and power to free;
 ||: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
 We will early turn to Thee. :||

- 4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
 Early let us do Thy will;
 Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
 With Thy love our bosoms fill.
 ||: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast loved us, love us still. :||

127. Tune—ZION. 8s, 7s & 4. Key D.

- COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love and power;
 ||: He is able,
 He is willing; doubt no more. :||
- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief and true repentance,—
 Every grace that brings you nigh,—
 ||: Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy. :||
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger;
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness He requireth
 Is to feel your need of Him!
 ||: This He gives you,—
 'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam. :||
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
 Bruised and mangled by the fall;
 If you tarry 'till you're better,
 You will never come at all;
 ||: Not the righteous,—
 Sinners, Jesus came to call. :||

128. Tune—MEAR. C. M.

- COME Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!
 With all Thy quickening powers;
 Kindle a flame of heavenly love
 In these cold hearts of ours.

- 2 Dear Lord ! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate ?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee ?
And Thine to us so great ?
- 3 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove !
With all Thy quickening powers ;
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

129. *Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 23.*

ONCE I was dead in sin,
And hope within me died ;
But now I'm dead to sin—
With Jesus crucified.

CHO.—And can it be that “ He loved me,
And gave Himself for me ? ”

- 2 Oh, height I cannot reach,
Oh, depth I cannot sound,
Oh, love, O boundless love
In my Redeemer found !
- 3 Oh, cold, ungrateful heart
That can from Jesus turn,
When living fires of love
Should on His altar burn.
- 4 I live—and yet, not I,
But Christ that lives in me ;
Who from the law of sin
And death hath made me free.

130. *Tune—THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME IN GLORY.
P. M. Key C.*

IN the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest ;
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request.

- CHO.—||: There is rest for the weary, :||
 There is rest for the weary,
 There is rest for you ;
 On the other side of Jordan,
 In the sweet fields of Eden,
 Where the tree of life is blooming,
 There is rest for you.
- 2 He is fitting up my mansion,
 Which eternally shall stand ;
 For my stay shall not be transient
 In that holy, happy land.
- 3 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory !
 Shout your triumphs as you go ;
 Zion's gates will open for you,
 You shall find an entrance through.

131. Tune—BOYLSTON. S. M. Key C.

- D**ID Christ o'er sinners weep,
 And shall our cheeks be dry ?
 Let floods of penitential grief
 Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears
 The wond'ring angels see ;
 Be thou astonish'd, O my soul ;
 He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep ;
 Each sin demands a tear :
 In heaven alone no sin is found,
 And there's no weeping there.

132. Tune—COME TO JESUS. Key F.

- C**OME to Jesus, come to Jesus,
 Come to Jesus just now
 Just now, come to Jesus,
 Come to Jesus, just now
- 2 He will save you, etc.
- 3 He is able, etc

-
- 4 He is willing, etc.
5 He is waiting, etc.
6 He will hear you, etc.
7 He will cleanse you, etc.
8 He'll renew you, etc.
9 He'll forgive you, etc.
10 If you trust Him, etc.
11 He will save you, etc.
-

133. Tune—HAPPY DAY. L. M. Key G.

O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHO.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away:
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done—
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

3 Now rest, my long-divided heart:
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

4 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed, shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death, a bond so dear.

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